

THE RESTLESS SEX

A Romantic Film Drama With MARION DAVIES

By Robert W. Chambers.

Watch for This Story in Motion Pictures.

"The Restless Sex," soon to be seen in all leading motion picture theaters, is a Cosmopolitan Production, released in a Paramount-Artcraft picture.

(Copyright, 1917, 1918, by the International Magazine Company.)

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"Oh, Well, I'm sorry, but I really can't be afraid of God. If I were, I'd doubt Him, Grismer. . . . Come, may I have the little girl?"

"Do you desire her to abide under your roof after what you have learned?"

"Why, Grismer, I'd travel all the way to hell to get her now, if any of you creeds had managed to send her there. Come, I've seen the child. It may be a risk, as you say. In fact, it can't help being a risk, Grismer. But—I want her. May I have her?"

"M-m-m—" he touched a bell and a clerk appeared. Then he turned to Cleland. "Would you be good enough to see our Mr. Bunce? I thank you. Good afternoon! I am happy to be conversed again with my old friend, John Cleland—m-m-m-yes, my friend of many years."

An hour later John Cleland left "our" Mr. Bunce, armed with proper authority to begin necessary legal proceedings.

Talking it over with Brinton, his attorney, that evening, he related the amazing conversation between himself and Chatter Grismer.

Brinton laughed: "It isn't religious bigotry; it's just stinginess. Grismer is the meanest man on Manhattan Island. Didn't you know him well—though I've been acquainted with him for a long while. But I don't see how he can be stingy."

"Well, he's interested in charity."

"He's paid a thumping big salary! He makes money out of charity. Why shouldn't he be interested?"

"But he publishes religious books—"

"Of course. They sell. It's a great graft, Cleland. Don't publish novels if you want to make money; print Bibles!"

"Is that a fact?"

"You bet! There are more parasites in pulp publishing house and charity concerns, who live exclusively by exploiting God, than there were unpleasant afflictions upon the epidemics of our late friend, Job. And Chatter Grismer is one of them—the old skindiv—hogging his only sister's share of the Grismer money and scared stiff for fear some descendant might reopen the claim and fight the verdict which beggared his own sister."

"By Gad!" exclaimed Cleland, very red; "I've a mind to look into it and start proceedings again if there is any ground—"

"You can't."

"Why?"

"Not if you adopt this child."

"Not in her behalf?"

"Your motives would be uncharitably suspected, Cleland. You can give her enough. But you don't want to stir up anything—rattle any skeletons—for this little girl's sake."

"No, of course not. You're quite right, Brinton. No money could compensate her. But you say I am able to provide for her amply."

"Besides," said Brinton, "there's the paternal aunt Miss Rosalinda Quest. She's as rich as mud. It may be that she'll do something for the child."

"I don't want her to," exclaimed Cleland angrily. "If she'll make no objection to my taking the girl, she can keep her money and leave it to the piggers of Senegambia when she dies, for all I care. Pix it for me, Brinton."

"You'd better go down to Bayport and interview her yourself," said the lawyer. "And, by the way, I hear she's a queer one—something of a bird, in fact."

"Well, a vixen. They say so. All the same, she's doing a lot of real good with her money."

"How do you mean?"

"She's established a sort of home for the offspring of vicious and degenerate parents. It's really quite a wonderful combination of clinic and training school where suspected or plainly defective children are brought to be taught and reformed. Under observation—really a finely conceived charity, I understand. Why not call on her?"

"Very well," said Cleland, reluctantly, not caring very much about encountering "vixens" and "birds" of the female persuasion.

Except for this paternal aunt and the Grismers, there turned out to be

LADIES! LOOK YOUNG

DARKEN GRAY HAIR

Use the Old-time Sage Tea and Sulphur and No-body Will Know.

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundredfold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, besides, no one can tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

Domino Golden Syrup

Domino Quality in a cane sugar syrup.

American Sugar Refining Company

"Sweeten it with Domino"

Smart Styles with the Charm of Simplicity

Republished by Special Arrangement with Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine



A navy blue dotted voile dress, with a vest of white organdy and quillings edged with white, which are used as trimmings on the sleeves and hips.

Distinctly new is the melon-shaped skirt of this organdy frock, which shows lengthwise pleatings down the waist and skirt.

Appropriate as a morning dress is this gingham frock with a becoming square neck, short sleeves and side tunics trimmed with bands of white.

A Boy on the Desert

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever, Professor in the University of Kansas and a Well-known Educator.

OUT on a 7,000-acre dry farm in central Idaho, at the center of a barren waste, with dense dust clouds and hundreds of tumble weeds tossed about him by the winds, I found a high school youth today. There was honest dirt in his eyes and hair and the hot sun had blistered his face.

Indeed, this husky young chap seemed to be a conspicuous representative of the forward-to-the-farm movement which I have been commending to my boy readers. More than 1,000 miles from his home, with four stupid buckskin mules as his closest associates, with the task of furrowing and ditching the soil in preparation for the flood waters of a new irrigation project—will my restless friends of the exciting city life please try to imagine the thoughts and feelings of this schoolboy on the desert? And add the item that his "cats" is the plainest of camp fare and his bed a crude bunk of hay or straw.

How many of my youthful city friends will envy this young, dust-stinging desert scout?

But let us shift our thoughts for a moment from the high school boy turned desert scout to the significance of what he is doing. The barren, dusty plain which he is helping to cross-section with ditches is at once to be turned into a community of sugar-beet farms of mighty wealth and productivity. The soil there is fifty feet deep and inexhaustible. The machinery is all ready and the pipes are connected. By switching on electric current the engines may in a second be started to pumping water at the rate of 50,000 gallons per minute be spread out over the now dusty desert and make it blossom as a flower garden.

The lifting of this volume of water from the turbulent Snake river to an altitude of eighty feet and its final distribution upon the soil, the millions of tons of sugar beets, hay, potatoes, grain and other produce to follow from the big project, the coming of many richards, gardeners and families to possess them—this in itself will in future time become a big chapter of a story as interesting as romance.

But to be a part of the present dusty drama, with the dirt, the mules, the blistering sun, the apparent hopelessness of it all; and then, perhaps, to go back ten years hence a witness of the startling transformation and beauty, and to be able to say, "I helped to make this possible"—now, I think, you have the right vision of the high school husky, Warren Wendell, out there eating dirt by the yard. How about it, you city fellows?

When Hearts Are Trumps

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

Whose Short Stories and Novels Have Given Her a High Rank Among Present Day Writers.

Copyright, 1920, Star Company.

CYNTHIA PAIGE had been watching nervously for her niece's return. She was intensely anxious as to the outcome of this afternoon's excursion. She met Barbara in the lower hall as the girl entered the house. "Oh!" she ejaculated, glancing out into the street as John Brandon drove off. "Isn't Mr. Brandon coming in?"

Barbara shook her head. She felt a wild desire to laugh. In her excited condition, her aunt's question seemed absurd.

"As he is already on his way down the street, it is obvious that he is not coming in, Auntie," she said. Then, with a quick change of tone, "Where is Uncle?"

"In the library. Why?"

"I want to speak to him." And the girl went on into the library, closing the door behind her.

The woman stood still, too astonished at the moment to make any motion.

That something of importance had occurred was evident. It was also evident that Barbara did not intend to explain this occurrence until she had had an interview with her uncle.

A spasm of fear gripped Cynthia Paige. Suppose the child suspected the truth about Robert's letters? Suppose she told Arthur that she cared more for Robert than for Brandon. Suppose—

But no, it could not be! Common sense reassured itself. There was no way in which Barbara could have learned the fate of Robert's communications. It was a mercy this was so, for Arthur would never condone his sister's act. Arthur was the kind of man who cannot be deceived that sometimes it is necessary to do that which might not be considered strictly honorable in order to bring about a great good.

Well, soon she would know what was going on behind that door. She dare not approach close enough to listen to the conversation inside. Eavesdropping was a dangerous practice—much more dangerous than destroying letters when nobody was at hand to surprise one in the process.

BARBARA'S MESSAGE.

It was like Barbara to turn to her uncle rather than to the aunt who had managed everything for her. She, Cynthia, had advised the child not to talk of Brandon to Arthur until all was settled. Perhaps all was now settled.

The idea was so welcome that she decided to ignore her niece's seeming ingratitude.

Barbara went straight to Arthur Paige as he sat at the library table, to be able to say, "I have something to tell you."

She stood in front of him as she used to stand when she was a child and had a confession to make, her fingers tightly interlocked. She looked so young, so appealing, that the man held out his arms to her and drew her down upon his knees.

"What is it, little girl? Oor would you rather that your old uncle guessed?"

"No, I must tell you myself, Mr. Brandon. My heart loves me. We are engaged."

With a stifled sob, she dropped her head on her uncle's shoulder.

Arthur Paige had not seen his niece cry since she was twelve years old, and for a moment, there was such a lump in his throat that he could not speak. Then, with a strong effort, he conquered his own weakness, although his voice was husky when he spoke.

"There, there, darling! Cry all you want if it makes you feel any better. Why, do you know that when your blessed mother told me of her engagement to your father—my dear brother—she cried, too. Just for happiness! She and I were dear friends, you know—so she told me the news before your father did."

A GOOD MAN.

Barbara sat up and wiped her eyes.

"Did my mother really cry, too, when she was engaged?" she asked.

"I wonder if all girls do."

"They tell me, Bab," the man rejoined with a tremulous laugh, "that many of your sex show their joy in that way. But," growing grave again, "I would rather see you smile, darling. I am glad you told me the news yourself. It was sweet of you to come to me at once."

"I wanted to," was the simple reply. "Mr. Brandon is coming to see you later. I asked him to let me tell you before I told anybody else."

"Even your aunt?" with an apprehensive glance toward the door.

"Yes, even Aunt Cynthia. And, Uncle, I would like you to tell her. I feel as if I could not—just now."

The tears were near the surface again. Arthur hastened to check them. "Of course, I will explain everything to her. Run up to your room by this rear door. When you come down again she will know all about it."

"But first," as she started to obey his suggestion, "let me kiss you, dear child."

He kissed her tenderly, on the forehead, then on the lips.

"God bless you, dear! John Brandon is a good man. I do not know a finer, nor one who would take better care of you. If you did not love him I could not stand it. As it is, darling, I want you to be happy."

She could not know that the "it" to which he referred was her engagement. She thought that her aunt had been right. Uncle Arthur wanted her to marry John Brandon. He would have been cruelly disappointed if she had not accepted him.

And, with this thought uppermost, Barbara went up to her room, reminding herself that her aunt had been right. Uncle Arthur wanted her to marry John Brandon. He would have been cruelly disappointed if she had not accepted him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For the Little Chaps

By Rita Stuyvesant.

WHEN mother takes her small son visiting or sends him to Sunday School she dresses him in a smart suit of pongee and black satin and knows he is assured of social success.

Up to six years one may suit her youngster in straight black satin "panties" and button them to a blouse of tan silk pongee, with white pearl buttons. The blouse has a round collar and cuffs. Then for final smartness, a black silk necktie, and in this costume her small son is both smart and comfortably cool.

Very striking, too, are these suits made up of black satin combined with white silk blouse and fine knife pleatings. Some fastidious feminine mothers dress their youngsters in black taffeta and top it with soft blouse of flesh or pale yellow crepe de chine. These blouses are detachable.

This attractive little party suit is also developed in flesh colored wash satin, corn colored for the dark child with the olive complexion and is also shown in all white.

Checked silk gingham is another favorite and is made up into some delightfully dainty suits for play days. For three-year-olds, one chooses a romper style blue if your son has attained the manly age of five, dress him in straight trousers and tucked waist. Collar him in white pique and cuff him likewise, and for a striking note, add a necktie of black silk.

MOTHER!

"California Syrup of Figs" Child's Best Laxative

Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its fruity taste. Full directions on each bottle. You must say "California."

If She'd Only Waited

A CLEVER LITTLE STORY OF FAMILY LIFE.

By Ella Randall Pearce.

HE absorbed air and corrugated brow of her husband should have warned Irma. Ward watched him now across the breakfast table, then spoke abruptly.

"Richard, I must have some money, today—if I'm to get ready for our trip to Atlantic City."

Richard Ward looked up stolidly. "I gave you money for what you needed, didn't I? You said your wardrobe was in pretty fair shape. You wouldn't have to buy much."

"That's why you can't refuse me now," Irma's voice took on wheedling accents. "I've been scrimping and saving all winter. Scrimping my old things do—"

"Old things!" broke in her husband and laughed harshly. Irma's extravagance had always been a point of contention between them.

"Oh, well, if you're going to take that attitude," sulked Mrs. Ward. "When I really have economized, and we're going where folks are fashionable and critical, you—"

Irma choked and fluttered a wisp of a handkerchief with which she touched her long lashes. Then she cast a dewy, reproachful glance at her husband.

"What do you want?" asked Richard Ward, but his manner was not encouraging.

"I've everything all ready for our trip," began Irma eagerly. "But I need a wrap. Something stylish to set off my tailored suit and simple frocks. A fur scarf or stole—I showed you Tressillon's catalog. Richard, they are wonderfully smart, and make a woman look so well dressed."

"Humph, is that all?" Richard's frown deepened. "I thought you needed something. Irma, don't call for furs in warm weather a necessity, do you?"

Yes, when other women are wearing them," retorted his wife, herapphire eyes flashing. "And I do need a wrap. The sea air—"

"Buy a wool sweater," advised Richard, rising with a smile that was half sneer on his face. He turned back toward the doorway.

"Irma, be reasonable. Good furs cost money—and you know I'm worried enough over money matters. When I get out of these business tangles and get my feet on solid ground again we'll talk about luxuries; meanwhile, we'll go slow. The trip to Atlantic City will be expensive, but I feel that I—that we—need it. Besides, by that time—"

TIRED OF IT ALL.

He snapped his lips together, looked away and fumbled nervously at his coat. "Be patient, Irma," he said more gently, and went out.

Young Mrs. Ward made a passionate gesture at the closed door.

"Patient—reasonable! Oh, I'm tired of it all! Scrimping and saving and doing without. And a fur wrap is so stylish! One of the new spring styles—a little cape or dolman with chiffon—I'd look like a different woman!"

Irma visioned herself on the boardwalk at Atlantic City. Her new suit of marine blue and her season hat of Paris origin—how insignificantly plain they appeared without the fur accessory she had in mind. But add the scarf—and what a transformation!

"I don't care whether we can afford it or not. I'm going to get that fur scarf some way!" decided Mrs. Ward.

Then, a few days later, the domestic clouds lifted. Mr. Richard Ward came home to dinner an hour later than usual, but with his old-time jaunty air and a brighter countenance than he had worn for many weeks.

Irma, about to complain of his tardiness, was arrested by his unwonted air of cheer. She herself had been unusually distrustful and nervous all day, but her husband's buoyant appearance restored her own peace.

"I'm afraid dinner will be spoiled. Where have you been?" asked Irma.

"Oh—er—looking around. Buying a new tie for myself." He shook a rather showy silk scarf out of its wrappings. Irma fingered it suspiciously.

"Why, Richard, that's a gorgeous affair. I'm afraid you've been extravagant."

"All this time to buy a scarf?"

Well! Irma smiled indulgently, for her mind was busy with her own affairs. "With Richard in the genial mood, perhaps she would better break the news she had reserved for a later day.

After dinner, back in their cozy living room, Irma said playfully, "Business must be better, Mr. Ward?"

BETTER TIMES AHEAD.

"It is," Richard smiled. "I guess I'm out of the woods at last. Now I can begin to make money, after our trip."

Irma slipped into the adjoining room and back.

"You're not the only one around here who can buy a new scarf," Richard Ward looked at this.

"Furs, Irma? After all I said!"

"But, Richard, see. It's only squirrel. Not so expensive, and—"

The young wife's face, began to flush. "I've arranged for the bill to be paid in August. It's only a little over one hundred dollars, and isn't it becoming?"

Irma posed alluringly, but her husband refused to smile. There was a strange look in his eyes which she could not understand.

He regarded her a while before he spoke, and his voice was low and steady with a stern note that impressed Irma more than anger would have done. His voice was stern, but his look was sad. Irma felt inexplicably confused.

"You have deliberately defied me, Irma. You've taken up the bill, not even knowing if I would be able to meet it. Yet you knew I was in money troubles. Likely to go under."

"But you didn't. You're safe—or you wouldn't have bought that expensive scarf." Irma was close to tears. "You thought only of yourself. Around shopping for yourself, and keeping dinner waiting."

She flung her new scarf across a chair. "And I was as economical as I could be," she declared warmly. "I had to go to the best shop because we're known there. But I bought squirrel. When I wanted mink. A beautiful mink stole with pockets and a corded girdle. I'd dreamed of it for days! If I'd been extravagant, Richard, I would have bought mink. I would have trusted me as quickly for \$500 as—oh, why don't you say something?"

"I guess it's all said—and done," replied Richard Ward quietly.

The next day her husband made a stop at the first telephone booth on his way to the office. He called up the fur shop of Tressillon Freres.

"Mr. Tressillon, good morning. This is Irma, Richard Ward's wife," he said. "About that mink stole I ordered yesterday afternoon, guess I'll have to countermand that order. I didn't know it at the time, but Mrs. Ward has made other arrangements. Thank you just the same. And let me have your bill for the squirrel scarf before August."

BOOKS

THE YOUNG IMMIGRANTS. By Ring W. Lardner. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

This kindly parody on Daisy Ashford's "The Young Visitors," is alleged to be the work of the young son of the humorist, Ring Lardner. The owner of the copyright guarantees that it was not written by Sir James Barrie, and the father, who supplies the preface, states the person whose name appears on the book was four years and three months old "when the manuscript was found."

The witty defense Ring states "that the witty speeches accredited to 'My Father' have, possibly owing to the limitations of a child's memory, been so garbled and twisted that they do not look half so good in print as they sound in the open air." Be that as it may, they look good enough to cause many a hearty laugh to readers of this volume intended to poke a bit of fun at the precocious Daisy. An additional joyful note is added by the illustrations of Gaar Williams.

DEEP-SEATED FRECKLES

Need attention NOW or may remain all time. A new and old time treatment that has given satisfaction for over 15 years, and rid you self of these homely spots.

Kintho Beauty Cream

At All Druggists and Dept. Stores.

So economical and so easy to make!

Two sizes—10c and 15c

MOTHER!

"California Syrup of Figs" Child's Best Laxative

A RICH, creamy, and delicious dessert! A Pudding comes in a number of delightful flavors including chocolate, rose vanilla, orange, and lemon. Serve it with fresh fruits and use it for luscious cake and pie fillings, and ice cream. A 15c package serves 15 people. And you can use as much or as little as you like.

Buy it at your grocer's.

FRUIT PUDDING CO., Baltimore, Md.
HOYLE & MARTIN,
Local Representatives,
Stewart Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PUDDING